

POSTMASTER GENERAL.—FRANKLIN D. ROBERTS.
Extract of a letter to the Editor of
the Marshall County Republican, dated,
Nashville, Tenn. Nov. 5, 1888.
Mr. Kendall, the accomplished, efficient
and energetic head of the Post Office
Department, has been paying the
venerable ex-President a visit. His
health is represented as much improved.
It is to be hoped the brief relaxation he
allows himself from the cares and duties
of his office, may restore him to the en-
joyment of the greatest of all earthly
blessings, without which all the honors
a grateful country can confer on its
most talented and beloved sons, are as nothing.
If ever there was a man remarkable
for the possession of extraordinary

talents—talents which render their possessor as “one distinguished or distinguishable among millions—that man is Amos Kendall. As a politician, as a statesman, America has never produced his superior—and as the head of the post office department, the country never has had his like, and never may expect to see it again. This to those whig wretches, who claim all the decency and all the respectability, and all the talents in the country, will of course sound like “treason,” but they cannot gainsay it—His rescue of the department from worse than bankruptcy, and his successful efforts to render it prosperous to a degree unprecedented in its history—and that too during a period of unexampled national embarrassment, bear witness to the transcendent abilities of the Post Master General. He is indeed a remarkable man. Born of parents who, though highly respectable, were too indigent to bestow on him a liberal education, he was forced to curve out and clear his own way to fortune and to fame. He is emphatically a self-taught, self-made man—having by his own industry, commanding talents, integrity, and good management elevated himself from the humblest walks of society to a rank with the greatest and most distinguished men of the age. He defrayed the expenses of a college education, by alternately laboring on a farm, and keeping a village school. In early manhood he was like yourself, editor of a political journal, and from that humble, but honorable post, he rose slowly but steadily to his present proud eminence. And it is for his humble origin, that the whig leaders so bitterly oppose him. Essentially aristocratic in his

feelings and principles, they are servile as slaves to the springs of English nobility who occasionally visit our shores—but they cannot pay homage to the brilliant genius of one of Nature's noblemen—they cannot bear to see the sons of **virtue** rise above the clods of scrub nobility.

Mr. Kendall was invited to a barbecue given to that noble statesman, James K. Polk, on the 6th, at Island Springs; but did not attend; for the reason it is supposed, that he did not wish to have the whole pack of Bell's printers' Devils "seven by nine curs" barking at him, for

that would not fail to be construed by the pitiful pack, as an act of "interference" on his part with the politics of Pennsylvania. He wrote the committee of Arrangements an eloquent reply, in which he pays our candidate for governor a deserved and handsome tribute.—For this he has been taken to task by the Whig Banner of this place, and scolded most furiously. Mr. Kendall's mere expression of his opinion is declared to be a "flagrant attempt" of the "insolent" "official" to "interfere with the freedom of the elective franchise!" Was there ever such a perversion of language! We are to suppose then that no democrat high in the confidence of the people should dare express his opinion of men and politicians in Tennessee! How ridiculous the "insolent official" of the Bell clique must appear in the eyes of every citizen claiming the possession of a particle of shrewdness or intelligence, for his paltry attempt to "interfere" with the "freedom of speech and of opinion." It is a glorious sign however of the dying influence of the White dynasty, when their echoes are so hard pressed for grounds of opposition to democracy, that they seize on such "straws" to sustain themselves above the water which ere long must overwhelm them, "horse, foot and dragoons." Men never make use of such pitiful shifts, save in the last extremities. Depend upon it, modern whiggery is wriggling and squirming in the last agonies of dissolution in democratic Tennessee. Bell, White, Foster, accompanied by their "waiting gentlemen," have been dining, speechifying and otherwise electioneering to stay the waves of public opinion, now fast bearing them to destruction—but in

tain. *Their attempt to dictate to the voters of Tennessee—"a successor" to Mr. Van Buren—IS EVERY WHERE BEING FROWNED UPON.* The people who burnt the Kentucky blackleg in effigy—and who have time and again and again put their refs upon a U. S. Bank—who have ever opposed Clay and his infernal system of tariffs and internal improvements by the general government—are not now to be turned directly round in the face of the world, and induced by a clique of RENEGADE POLITICIANS, traitors to every principle they once professed to hold as sacred, to support men and measures they a few years ago held as abominations. Could they do so, Tennesseans would present a spectacle of fickle-mindedness, and devoted to men, unexampled in the history of politics. No! their beloved JACKSON, will live to see the ancient policy of the state restored, and chivalrous, democratic Tennessee redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled from the vile bonds of modern whiggery. It gives me great pleasure to hear that friend BARRON is elected. He will be found "a host" in himself alone, against the monopolists.

Your Friend.